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A Woman's Privilege.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A lady and gentleman were walking slowly down Walnut street. The lady was young, elegantly dressed in a stylish black suit, and more than usually pretty, despite the frown just now clouding her brow.

The gentleman was round, healthy, broad-shouldered specimen of a well-dressed Philadelphia gentleman. Perhaps you know of a city which produces better-looking men than Philadelphia. I don't, and I've chanced to walk the streets in several cities.

This gentleman's name was George Calvert—one of the Chestnut street Calverts, some of the best people of the old Philadelphia days. The lady's name was Edith Darley. She was an importation—a New England girl, who had brought Puritan pride and stubbornness into Quaker stock.

They were walking in front of a row of handsome brown stone fronts, on the south side of the street. At the steps of one of these they paused.

"Come in, George," said Edith.

"Thanks, no, it is useless. Yes, I will, too," said the young fellow, the heavy shadow on his brow relaxing. "I must talk with you a little while, Edith, and if you are still so stubborn, why—"

He did not finish the sentence he had begun, but followed her into the wide, mellow-lighted hall, and then into the sumptuous parlors, filled on every side with evidences of wealth, taste and leisure.

Edith mentioned him to a seat, took off her rich hat and gloves, and tossed them upon a table as she sat down herself.

"Seems to be no one at home," remarked George.

"Out riding," answered Edith, laconically.

For a few moments there was silence. Edith looked up, suddenly, and said:

"George, I am not stubborn."

"Like to know what else you call it," said George coolly, stroking his blonde mustache.

"Proper pride, George."

George gave a low whistle. But presently his manner changed. He got up, and standing before the girl he said, in agitated tones:

"My God! Edith! What do you think I am made of? Why did you let me follow you, wait on you, love you, if you meant to throw me over at last?"

"I know I am to blame," said the girl humbly, "but I did not see the danger until it was too late! Too late for both of us!"

"If it is too late for you, you must love me, Edith," said the young man mournfully.

"I don't deny it, George."

"Then, why in God's name, won't you marry me?"

"George, what am I?"

"By Jove! You're a splendid girl, I think."

"You know what I mean, George. It is true I have a home here with Mrs. Eldridge. I have fine clothes, and plenty of leisure, and probably she will leave me a little something when she dies. I can't leave her, to go out and make my living elsewhere, because she would be all alone, and I know that my society is necessary to her. But I am a poor dependent, nothing else and every one knows it. True, I am invited out to parties and all that, partly for Mrs. Eldridge's sake, and partly because I happen to sing and play a little better than most folks (there was not a shade of vanity about the girl as she said this, she simply stated it as a fact), and it is convenient to have me. But don't you know that I know, that if I were to leave Mrs. Eldridge, and go into a store or a school, not one of them all would recognize me?"

"Probably not," admitted George. "Even your own sisters would not do it," said Edith. "And suppose I were to marry you, George, what would they say?"

"You wouldn't marry the family. They would have no right to say anything."

"But they would. And the world would."

"Who cares a fig for the world? It's a home I want, where the world can be shut out."

"Fine talk, George. And I honor you for the compliment you give me, in setting me before the world in your estimation. But others will not do so. And you would be blamed and pitied,

and talked about, and—in short—I won't enter a family where I should not be welcomed."

"By Heaven! I wish there was a way to make you!" cried George, almost savagely.

"There is no way, George," said the girl sadly.

"No, if there was I'd try it! And you'll not change?"

"I'll not change, George."

"No. Thank your good old Puritan stock for that. Well, it's no use staying. I'll go, Edith."

"Where, George?"

"Oh, I don't know! A scene like this is enough to make a man go to the devil!"

"George!"

"Forgive me Edith. I must be mad, I think. But I suppose I needn't be a brute as well as a lunatic. I don't know where I'll go, though. Travel in Europe may be. Or go to the South Pole. Anywhere, so I get away."

"When you come back, I hope it will be in a better frame of mind, George."

"I hope so. Well, good-by, Edith."

She rose and gave him her hand.

"Good-by," she said simply.

He looked at her a moment, then suddenly stooped, gathered her up in his arms, and crushed her almost fiercely to his breast, for an instant, kissed her passionately, and rushed out of the room.

His act had been so quick, so masterful, that Edith had not time to resist, had she meant to do so.

As it was, she sat stunned and startled for an instant after he released her, trying to catch her breath. Then she turned scarlet, dropped her head upon the arm of the velvet sofa, and burst into a pitiful passion of tears.

Many a weary day passed before she saw George Calvert again.

She had not really believed that he would go away. But two weeks later she received a very short note, which ran thus:—

"DEAR EDITH:—I sail to night in the Bothnia for Liverpool. Where and when my wanderings may end, I know not. But while I earnestly hope you may prosper and be happy, I pray God I may never see you again until you or I are in a different frame of mind. Good-by. CALVERT."

Long and bitterly Edith wept and sobbed over this letter. But at last she dried her eyes, and patiently took up the burden of life again.

"But, oh," she sighed, "that he had come once more! I would have yielded if I had known he was so desperately in earnest that it would drive him from his home. But it is too late now. Even if I would write to him, I do not know where to write, and he does not speak of writing to me again. No, my life is dead. There is nothing left but to stay with Mrs. Eldridge, and make her as happy as I can."

But Mrs. Eldridge was fast failing beyond the power of any one to make well. Her health declined very fast. In the winter, the sharp river air was too chilly for her, and in the summer though they went first to Long Branch, then to Ocean Grove, and then to Newport, the change appeared to bring no benefit.

At last her physician ordered a sea voyage.

"Go to Europe, he said, try the baths at Rome, try the air of Italy and Switzerland, and if these do not help you, nothing will."

So they prepared to go to Europe. Mrs. Eldridge would go nowhere without her faithful Edith. And Edith's heart bounded. It might be they would meet George. It was not likely; Europe was a large country, and he might be in Africa now, for all she knew. She had never heard from him since he went away. But it might be just possible. A rich gentleman, a relation of Mrs. Eldridge's, had been as attentive as she would let him be, to Edith, all winter. He proposed to go to Europe with them, and Mrs. Eldridge gladly accepted his escort.

Edith did not know that a report was out that Mr. Bradford was going to marry her, or she would have contradicted it. It was quite true that he did ask her to be his wife, but she gently yet firmly refused the honor, and he was not so deeply in love but that he could stay and treat her like a friend, which poor George could not do.

They had a very pleasant passage over to Liverpool.

As they left the station, on arriving at London, at a late hour of night, Edith saw, in the crowd, a face which reminded her of George. But when

she turned, startled, for another look, the face had vanished, and Mr. Bradford, at her elbow was saying:

"Please give me your checks, Miss Edith."

They went everywhere they were advised. Tried different baths and different doctors, but all was of no avail. Mrs. Eldridge was marked out for a victim, and could not recover.

At last, in Florence, she died. Edith wept for her as for a mother, and felt her loneliness none the less in that strange land, when she discovered the fact that Mrs. Eldridge had left her nearly all of her great fortune. She had no children nor very near kin. About a fourth she had given to some distant kin, several bequests to charitable purposes, and all the rest to Edith.

Mr. Bradford came in as one of the kin. He returned to America a few weeks before Mrs. Eldridge died, not supposing her to be in immediate danger, and Edith was left quite alone, with only the maid, Betty, who had come out to wait upon them.

But some American friends would be at Florence, on their homeward way, in a few days, and Edith concluded to wait for them. Her waiting hours were lonely ones. She took long walks, sometimes with Betty, sometimes alone, and visited many spots of interest.

She was wandering, one day, in her deep mourning dress, through a great cathedral, looking at some fine old tombs, paying no heed to others who were thus engaged, until suddenly her name was spoken, and she looked up into the face of George Calvert.

It was a strong shock of surprise, but Edith did not scream or faint. She shook hands with him, asked and answered one or two common place questions, and then George touched her black dress and said:

"I see you wear mourning. Is it for Mrs. Eldridge, or—"

"Yes, for her," said Edith, as he paused with a strong emotion, which she took for sympathy. And then, with tears she could not keep back she told him all about her sad loss.

"You are soon going home?" asked he.

"But you are not alone here?" asked George quickly. "I saw your husband with you in London. He is here, of course?"

Edith smiled. "Not here, nor elsewhere. I never have had a husband, you see."

"What! Are you not Mrs. Bradford?" asked George hastily as before.

"I am no one but Edith Darley. Nor likely to be."

"But I heard the report of your marriage from several sources," said George, and she saw how flushed he was.

"It was all a mistake. Entirely so," said Edith, "I am not married."

"Good Heavens!" cried George. "Alone here, and among strange people, with no—Edith, forgive me but have you any money?"

"A little," said Edith, demurely, casting her eyes down to prevent George from seeing the smile in them.

"A little! And it takes so much here!" he cried in distress. "And the long journey before you! Oh, Edith, Edith! what will you do?"

"I shall be cared for," said Edith. "You may if you will!" cried George. "Oh, child, haven't I served long enough for my Rachel? Won't she come to me now?" he drew near and took her hand, holding it tightly clasped while he said: "Dear Edith, I have never changed? I don't think you have, since you are married. You did love me once, Edith!"

"I love you yet, George," she quietly replied.

He pressed her hand closer. They were in the church, he could not do more. In husky tones he said:—

"Bless you for that, Edith! And you won't be proud now? Let the pride go you are worth to me as much as if you had millions!"

Edith smiled. He saw it, and cried: "Ah, you are smiling! You relent, then, you won't be hard on me now, Edith? Oh, come, you may as well say yes! I have found you free, and I swear I never will leave you, until you give me the right to take care of you, and take you home—to my home! Come, now, Edith?"

"Well, if I must, I must!" said Edith. "A woman has a right to change her mind, George, and I have changed mine. I will marry you if you choose."

"If I choose!" There was no one close by, and the marble monuments were high and shadowy. I couldn't

answer for what George did just then! But he went with Edith to her lodgings, to the great delight of old Betty, who was very homesick, and regarded the Italians as little better than monkeys.

In a few days, as soon as the necessary formalities could be attended to, they were married, in a quiet Protestant chapel. And a few days later were on their way home, Edith thinking it not necessary, now, to wait for the escort of her American friends.

It was the second day at sea, and they were in their stateroom, when she said:—

"George, dear, I want to tell you something."

"Well, my darling!"

"You asked me, the other day, if I had any money."

"And you said, 'a little.' What of it! I have enough for both, if not a great fortune."

"So have I, George." And Edith's eyes danced.

"What do you mean, Edith?"

"Only this. You seemed to care so very little for the 'filthy lucre' that I rather enjoyed keeping the news from you. But, George, you haven't married a poor girl."

No, by Jove! She's rich in everything good!"

"In money, too, George. Mrs. Eldridge left me three-fourths of her fortune. I have nearly a million dollars."

"Edith."

"It's true, George. But you did not know it, so they can't call you a fortune hunter, can they, dear old fellow."

"Yes, I was!" cried George. "I was hunting for the best of fortunes, the dearest, truest girl in the world! And I found her, too!"

At the Horseshoe Bend.

The parlor car on the fast line from Philadelphia was comparatively empty when the train pulled out of Harrisburg, after stopping the usual twenty minutes for dinner. The three drummers had retired to the smoking room for a post-prandial cigar, and the only other occupants of the car were a young lady and a gentleman.

She was about twenty, a blonde, with little rings of soft hair falling over a white forehead from beneath the turned-up brim of a jaunty straw hat. Her nose was what Tennyson calls tip-tilted. Her laughing blue eyes rebelled against the otherwise demure expression of her face, and the slightly parted lips revealed a glimpse of pearl-like teeth which one could never associate with a dentist's chair. Her neat figure was set off to advantage in a tight-fitting light dress, and the cluster of carnations on her bosom bespoke a love of nature.

The young man on the other side of the aisle, immediately opposite, evidently appreciated the points of excellence in his fellow traveler. He held a book in his hand, but was not so absorbed in it that he did not cast many a covert glance at the pretty face half turned toward the window in admiration of the scene. He was a bright young fellow, with a dark mustache, and a silk traveling cap thrown carelessly on the back of his head. In his seat by his side was a small satchel, which he had never let out of his sight since leaving Philadelphia, and upon which he rested his hand most of the time. It was easy to see that he was traveling on business, and that he was used to it. He was as much at home in the swinging chair as if he owned the car and all its appurtenances, and he commanded the services of the colored porter in the off-hand manner characteristic of your experienced traveler.

"Wonder what makes my fair neighbor so fidgety?" he was saying to himself. "Seems to me something is troubling her. She looks awfully worried. Not used to traveling alone, I guess. Maybe she thinks there is danger of our being attacked by train robbers, or Indians, or something of that sort. She does not look like a fool though. There is a good deal of intelligence in that face."

The lady had been feeling in her pocket and had closely examined the contents of her hand-satchel, drawing therefrom a handkerchief, a vinaigrette, a pair of gloves, a bundle of paper patterns, some crochet work, and a few crumbs of cake. The last she put in her mouth in an absent-minded way, sighing heavily as she replaced the other articles. Then she tried to raise the window. In an instant the young man was at her side, tendering his

assistance. She thanked him with a glance of her blue eyes.

"At what time shall we be at Altoona?" she asked, in a low, sweet voice, in perfect keeping with her appearance.

"About 7 o'clock. We are a little behind time."

"We shall pass Horseshoe bend by daylight, shall we not?"

"Yes. Just about sundown. You have seen it before, of course?" he interrogated.

"No. I have passed it several times but always in the dark. Papa prefers traveling at night, to save time. I am making the journey by myself this time and it is the first opportunity I have had to enjoy the scenery."

"Altoona! Twenty minutes for supper!"

The young man hastily seized his satchel and left the car, telling the porter, as he passed him, to see if the lady wanted anything. But she did not. She told the porter rather shortly that she did not want any supper, and then, as soon as the man had disappeared, burst into tears. When the young man returned in about fifteen minutes, with a stray crumb on his mustache and an aroma of coffee clinging to his clothes, he noticed that his traveling companion's eyes were red, and that she looked generally disconsolate.

"Does not like traveling by herself and feels lonely," was his inward comment, as he settled himself in his seat, after placing his satchel by his side and throwing a paper bag of cakes down with it.

The train started, and the young man gradually let his book drop on his lap, as his head sank back, his eyes closed and his mouth opened. He was not exactly asleep, but had almost lost consciousness when he became aware that his satchel was moving slightly. Without opening his eyes he let his hand fall on the satchel. As he did so he touched the slim fingers of a hand that he recognized with a thrill to be those of a lady. The hand was quickly drawn away, but the young man was now broad awake. So broad awake that he pretended to be still asleep as he opened his eyes just wide enough to peep through the lashes at the troubled face of the young lady who was "traveling alone for the first time."

She had moved to a seat in front of him, and her dainty ungloved hand was hanging over the back, as if she had been afraid to take it away when the young man moved.

Five minutes passed, during which she sat perfectly still, looking at the apparently closed eyes of the young man, while the loud talking and laughing of the three drummers, who were telling each other highly colored anecdotes in the smoking-room, were the only sounds to be heard save the rumbling of the wheels.

"Strange how a man may be deceived," thought the young man. "I always considered myself pretty bright but I should have never suspected that girl of being a sneak-thief. She does her work like a professional, too. Probably works the trains all the while. Hello! she is going to try it again."

The girl had arisen, and the white hand was steadily advancing toward the satchel. The young man found it difficult to breathe regularly and naturally, and his eyelids quivered with the exertion of keeping them in such a position that they appeared closed while allowing them to watch the would-be thief.

Now her hand is on the satchel and she is gently pulling it toward her. Slowly it is drawn from the young man's grasp. In another minute she will have it. Her face is flushed, the blue eyes are dilated, and even the pretty blonde rings of her hair seem to be curling tighter in the intensity of the moment. Then—

"Here is Horseshoe bend," says the young man, suddenly sitting up, and beautiful it looks in the sunset."

He does not appear to notice the girl's confusion, but he takes the precaution to pick up his satchel as he steps to the other side of the car, and points to the broad mountain panorama spread out in the red light of the dying day. The girl moves over to the window and is at once lost in admiration of the scene. There is no doubt about the genuineness of her delight, and the young man confesses that, sneak thief though she may be, she has an artist's eye for the beautiful. Unconsciously she points at features of the landscape that strike her fancy, and calls attention to light and

shade effects among the pines as they tremble and wave in the gentle evening breeze.

"Funniest girl I ever saw. Wonder if it is not a case of kleptomania. She has every mark of refinement and education," thought the young man. "She evidently would like to get that satchel if she could. Guess she knows by the looks of it that it contains jewelry. Probably she had her eye on me in Philadelphia and determined to get it before we reached Pittsburg. By Jupiter! I'll give her the chance, so I can see what her game really is."

He had returned to his seat by this time and the girl was leaning on the window-sill, looking calmly at the rugged mountain scenery which extends for many miles west of Horseshoe bend. He took a cigar from his pocket bit off the end, and then strolled carelessly in the direction of the smoking room, leaving the precious satchel on the seat. He sat down with the drummers and lighted his cigar, but kept in such a position that he could watch his satchel. He had not long to wait.

Hastily and nervously the girl whom he had left apparently absorbed in the view from the opposite window sprang upon the satchel and moved it from the seat. Things were getting interesting and the young man almost swallowed a mouthful of smoke as he leaned forward to get a better view. The train was moving at the rate of about forty miles an hour, and he knew the thief could not get off just now, at all events.

But what was this! She had thrown the satchel on one side without deigning even to look at it, and was fumbling at the light fall topcoat he had left on the seat.

The young man started. "By the powers! She is after that diamond ring in the pocket. I had almost forgotten it. She is a sharp one. How did she know it was there? This has gone far enough. I guess I had better join in the fun myself."

He had made one step toward her when he saw her turn quickly, utter a joyful cry, and throw her arms around the neck of a tall, dignified gentleman with gray whiskers, who had just entered the car from the other end.

"Oh papa! Where did you come from? I am so glad to see you. And I am in such terrible trouble; and oh I am so miserable!"

She did not make any effort to conceal her tears, but cried on the dignified gentleman's shoulder until his vest was wet through.

"Why, Mr. Argent, how do you do?" said the young man, as he stepped up and shook hands with the dignified gentleman. "When did you come aboard? I did not see you before."

"I got on at Altoona, Hal, my boy. I was there on business connected with the bank, and I thought I would give my daughter a pleasant surprise by dropping on her unawares. She does not seem very pleased though. What is the matter, Blanche?"

"Blanche!" thought the young man. "Her name is as pretty as herself."

It was a tear-stained, disconsolate face that was raised toward her father's as she said:

"Why, papa, as soon as I left Philadelphia I found that I had lost my pocket-book. I had not a cent of money, and oh, I am so hungry! This gentleman has a package of cakes, and—and—I am ashamed to tell you! I tried to steal a cake while he was asleep, but he woke up. Then I tried again when he was away. Then you came in and—and—I am so glad to see you. And do apologize to this gentleman for me. And—try to get something to eat, won't you?"

"Here are some cakes at Miss Argent's disposal, said the young man, with a mischievous smile?"

By the time the train reached Pittsburg the banker's daughter and the young wholesale jeweler were excellent friends. He is now a pretty constant visitor at the Argent residence, where he and Blanche always find plenty to say to each other in a rather low voice the subject of their tete-a-tete being invariably the beauty of the scenery in the vicinity of Horseshoe bend.

"Who" and "What?"

Commodore Vanderbilt, who married a tavern keeper's maid, was sitting on the piazza of a Saratoga hotel beside his daughter, who was arrayed in silks and diamonds, when an uncouth, poorly dressed old chap came along, and saluting Vanderbilt with, "Hello! commodore, how are you to-

day!" came on the piazza and shook hands with him. The daughter drew her elegant dress hastily aside at his approach, as if in fear of contamination, with a look of utter disdain.

After the aged visitor had chatted a moment and passed on, the daughter said: "Why, papa how could you recognize that dingy old man in this public place!" "Bless your heart, dear," said the commodore, "he used to buy beer of your mother before you were born."

This smart rap on the knuckles of a snobbish instinct might be taken to heart by a great many people who regard it utterly beneath them to treat with ordinary decency persons who happen to belong the same station in life that their own parents belonged to, before riches came to gild the dress.

Society often makes an ass of itself by asking, "Who is he?" instead of "What is he?"—Chicago Herald.

Match Making, and Match Using.

BY UHESTER P. DEWEY.

It is an old proverb, that "matches are made in heaven," but the matches to which we refer are made in these lower regions, and in fact were not discovered until 1833. Prior to that time, the flint and steel, and tinder-box, and the sulphured stick with the vial filled with phosphorus, into which to plunge the stick, and so set up a light, were in vogue. People used to keep a fire all day, or a burning light, if they dared not depend upon the slow and uncertain process of the tinder-box.

For a good many years after the "Lucifer" was invented, matches were dangerous from their inflammability, and poisonous by their gases, both to consumers and makers. It was not until 1845 that a German experimenter deposited phosphorus of many of its dangerous characteristics, and prepared the way for the safety matches of these days. All this has been accomplished within the memory of men and women now living and active. The cycle is hardly more than fifty years. Still there are those who cling to the old tinder-box, or its modern improved form. It has its uses in remote neighborhoods, in camp life, in the woods, and on the frontier. In the open air, particularly if it is windy, a match is often a delusion, where the flint and steel and tinder are a success. It is calculated the average number of matches used per day, is ten to each of the population—say five hundred and fifty million, or five million five hundred thousand boxes of one hundred each. One can utilize a light from a match in fifteen seconds. The tinder-box often required two minutes, to say nothing of the vexation of spirit. Now, at ten lights a day, which require one hundred and fifty seconds, or two and a half minutes in one case, and twenty minutes in the other, there is a saving of seventeen and a half minutes a day. The match user consumes in his work nine hundred and thirteen minutes a year, or fifteen hours. The tinder-box user would consume seven thousand three hundred minutes, or one hundred and twenty hours, a difference of one hundred and five hours, or ten good working days. At a valuation of one dollar a day, this would be five hundred and fifty million dollars a year saved to the production of the United States. Sir Lyon Playfair, in his address at the last meeting of the British Association, estimated the saving of time in Great Britain by the use of matches, as equal to twenty-six million pounds, placing labor at thirty cents a day. So we are not far out of the way in our calculations. If it is said in this estimate we take the aggregate population, and so are misleading, it may be replied that the estimated consumption of matches is ten per day to the whole population; to half the population the average would be twenty per day, and so on. The result would be the same. The fact remains, that by the use of this trifling and unconsidered household and pocket companion, the people of the United States save in time, a sum many fold greater than the cost of the matches. This is a familiar truth, paralleled in the production and use of many other articles. It is none the less a stupendous fact.—American Agriculturist.

A temperance reformer got a severe rebuff in New Jersey. Meeting a man in the street, and being anxious to spread the cause, he asked him:—

"My friend, do you drink?"

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, March 11, 1886.

The negro who committed a brutal assault on a young lady in New Jersey, last week, was summarily dealt with by Judge Lynch. When Judge Lynch happens to fasten on to a wretchedly debased criminal his operations in the domain of justice are as swift as they are sure, if not according to the statutes.

The recent report of the Grand Jury to the Court, at Norristown, states that the District Attorney presented eighty-seven bills, seventy-eight of which were found to be true bills. The grand inquest visited the public buildings of the county, and rendered rather favorable reports.

The recent speech in Congress by Hon. I. N. Evans, from this district, in relation to the silver question, has attracted considerable attention. It was commented upon favorably by several of the leading Philadelphia and New York papers. Mr. Evans' speech was directed against the further coinage of silver. A good mark for Evans!

The jury in the Sharpless murder case at Media, Delaware county, tried last week, rendered a verdict on Saturday morning, of murder in the first degree. A motion for a new trial was made by Johnson's counsel. Since the trial an important clue is said to have been discovered which may save Johnson's neck, and which will at least result in his being granted a new trial.

SENATOR EDMUNDS opened the fight upon the President in the Senate, Tuesday, on the question of furnishing papers in reference to causes for removals. The Vermont Senator produced a long constitutional argument which was attentively listened to. The debate being now fairly opened, the country may expect a long siege of fruitless wrangling, while matters of much more importance will be kept in the background.

LAST year a large number of farmers in several agricultural counties of this State were swindled by the Bohemian oats dodge, and this year the farmers are threatened with fraud in the shape of "red line wheat." It is represented to be a peculiarly valuable kind of wheat, and the farmer is asked to buy enough for seeding purposes at \$10 a bushel, giving a note due in one year for the amount. The swindlers disappear, and the chances are that the note will turn up for collection at the end of the year, but the fellows who sold the "red line wheat" will be pretty sure not to turn up.

FOREIGN: The well-authenticated statement that Mr. Gladstone intends to propose a separate council for each of the four provinces of Ireland alarms some of the friends of home rule and increases the importance and difficulties of the Irish problem. Others however, look upon the scheme of creating representative legislative bodies for the different divisions of Ireland with favor and among them is John O'Leary. Mr. O'Leary regards Mr. Davitt's idea of a single chamber Parliament as one fraught with special danger. The Celtic races, he says, are to a great degree impulsive and excitable and if they are to be allowed to make their own laws they will need the check of a second chamber to prevent rash legislation.

A RECENT dispatch from London, reads: "Both the press and public in Berlin and London generally express sentiments of approval of the outbreak against the Chinese in the Western States and Territories of America. This feeling is largely based upon the hope that the pronounced hostility of a large part of the United States will check the manifest tendency of the Chinese Government to encourage American enterprise at the expense of Europe." It is hardly likely that American enterprise will be encouraged by the Chinese Government, at the expense of Europe, much longer. The Chinese Government will get tired of the treatment its subjects are receiving in this country, sooner or later, and then in addition to withdrawing business favors she may give American residents in China a taste of the medicine prescribed for Chinese in some sections of this country. Then look out for a national howl! Injustice and inhumanity to man will surely yield to the results. The treatment of Chinese subjects in this country has been outrageously unjust. The harvest will come later on.

Sheriff McKay, of Tuscola county, Mich., was ill the other day, and his seventeen-year-old daughter Hattie put

a revolver in her pocket and took Samuel Woodman, who had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment, to the Jackson penitentiary. She didn't put on handcuffs either.

A Resolute President.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 7.—A prominent Democrat said to Mr. Cleveland yesterday that there was great discontent because of the appointment of Matthews of New York as Recorder of Deeds in this town.

"I don't care any more for this discontent," said the President, "than the mountain cares for the zephyr that blows over its top."

Rarely has the spirit of firmness been more poetically expressed than in this phrase of Mr. Cleveland.

A Mine Explosion Followed by Fire.

TWO MEN KILLED AND SEVERAL WOUNDED.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Mar. 8.—Shortly after noon to-day a series of explosions took place in the Uniondale Mine, at Dunbar, four miles from here, by which four men were killed and twelve others received injuries which will prove fatal in at least four cases. The cause of the explosion was fire-damp. There were twenty-three men in the pit, nine of whom managed to escape uninjured. The first explosion occurred about 12.30. It was a terrific shock and was followed by two others in quick succession a few minutes later. The first explosion caused the death of two men and injured three. The other men ran toward the mouth of the pit, but before they reached it the other explosion occurred. There was an upheaval of earth, coal dust and other debris. The lights were blown out, the dust blinded the men and the passage-ways were blocked up and cut off all escape. The pit was on fire and a horrible death seemed to await the imprisoned miners. Nine of them, who had been working in another entry, managed to make their way out before the mouth of the pit was choked up.

The force of the shock caused by the explosion can be imagined, as it caused the men in Morrell, Calvin and Wheeler, the adjoining mines, to drop their tools and rush panic-stricken to the top, imagining that the pits were being lifted heavenward. The ground rolled and quaked so that many fell down, and three or four in the Morrell Mine, which connects with the Uniondale, were violently thrown against the walls and seriously injured. Everybody rushed toward the Uniondale Mine. Columbus Shay, of the Mahoning Works, and James Henderson, of the Calvin Mine, headed a rescuing party and went to work with picks and shovels to force an entrance to their ill-fated companions. In a few minutes an opening was made and several rushed forward to enter the mine, but were repelled by a volume of flame. It took several minutes for the smoke and fire to clear away and the rescuers were compelled to wait. The cries of pain and the moans of the injured were pitiable indeed. They were lying in every direction, buried under masses of debris. Several of them were horribly burned. Their sufferings were terrible. Twelve of them were found in a dying condition, two were dead, mangled almost into an unrecognizable mass.

The Educational Bill.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 7.—Senator Blair says the educational bill, as it recently passed the Senate, is an improvement upon the bill of last year and is the best measure for the purpose it was designed to accomplish ever proposed or considered in Congress. None of the amendments which were made will impair its efficiency, while several of them add considerably to the merits of the bill. Some features of the original bill, introduced several years ago, but which were struck out by the Senate, have now been replaced. One of these was that making provision for Alaska, hitherto almost entirely neglected. Its proportion of funds for the first year will be about \$30,000. The Logan amendment adding \$2,000,000 for school houses in sections which are unable to bear the taxation necessary to provide buildings for themselves is, Mr. Blair thinks, an admirable and important feature of the present bill. It is carefully guarded and should build about twenty thousand school houses. There never has been, Mr. Blair says, any doubt of the passage of the bill by the Senate, and the majority it received was not a surprise to him. Had the Senate been full the vote in its favor would have been about 50. The most serious danger it incurred was, he thinks, from the Allison amendment, making a clear race distinction, to the apparent disadvantage of the whites. Had this been adopted he (Mr. Blair) would himself have voted against the amended bill. While the purpose of the measure—avowedly to give the means of education to the blacks of the South—was doubtless sought to be promoted by the amendment, the result would have been accomplished at the expense to the beneficiaries of the good will of their more powerful white neighbors. The Edmunds amendment, which was accepted as a substitute for that of Senator Allison, accomplished the purpose without incurring the risk of intensifying race prejudices. The measure, if it becomes a law in its present form, will add to the school funds of the Southern States about one-half the present expenditures of those States for educational purposes. The money becomes a part of the school fund of the State and its acceptance insures a distribution of the entire amount, State and National, in such a way as best to equalize the school privileges of all sections, irrespective of race. Although the distribution to States is made upon the basis of illiteracy, according to the standard of the census, which simply is inability to read and write, the bill aims to do more than teach reading and writing. It seeks to bring a good common school education within reach of the children of all the freedmen and to do

this without relieving the States of any sense of their own responsibility and without creating an impression that the blacks are the wards of the nation, to be forever cared for. Senator Blair entertains no doubt that the bill will pass the House, where it already has many ardent supporters. He does not credit the report that it will be opposed by free traders and tariff reformers as a possible obstacle to the accomplishment of their purposes.

Senator Miller Dead.

THE END OF A DISTINGUISHED CAREER AS LAWYER, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 8.—Senator John F. Miller, of California, died at 1.45 this afternoon. He was born in Indiana, in 1831. He became a lawyer, and for a short time practiced at South Bend. He went to California in 1853, returning three years later, when he participated in the Fremont campaign, taking part four years later in behalf of Abraham Lincoln. Governor Morton, on calling for troops after the attack on Sumter, appointed him out of the State Senate to a Colonelcy on his staff. He organized the twenty-ninth Indiana Regiment, and with it joined Lovell H. Rousseau's forces in Kentucky, in October, 1861. In the following February he took command of a brigade under General Buell. He served successively under Sherman, Buell, Rosecrans and Thomas; was severely wounded in the battles of Stone River and Liberty Gap, in one case losing an eye, and was brevetted Major General for conspicuous gallantry in the battle of Nashville, where he commanded the left division of eight thousand men.

At the close of the war he was offered a high commission in the regular army, but declined, and in September, 1865, resigned and settled in California, with the intention of practicing law. Soon after, however, President Johnson appointed him Collector at San Francisco. When his term expired, in 1870, he declined a reappointment. He then engaged in commercial pursuits, in which he accumulated a fortune. In January, 1881, he was elected to the United States Senate for six years to succeed Newton Booth.

Interesting Paragraphs.

A Tennessee court has closed a term in which six murderers escaped conviction, by sending a hungry woman to prison for two years for stealing a quart of buttermilk.

Mr. Elijah Pate, of Dooley, a sprightly and very well preserved Georgian of 77 years, has just married Miss Baily, a sprightly and blooming Georgian of 16 years.

Joseph English, of Boston, has wasted ten and a half valuable hours in writing on a postal card the entire address of the Hon. H. B. Metcalf, delivered at the General Convention of Universities, held last year in Brooklyn. The address contains 4,162 words, and Mr. English wrote them all with a steel pen, by gas light, without the aid of a magnifying glass.

Richard W. Belmont, who was going from Denver to the Public Insane Asylum in charge of Sheriff Shrock, sprang through a car window when the train was running thirty miles an hour. When the train was stopped Belmont was seen running over the prairie unhurt. Shrock after a long chase recaptured him.

Two little Cleveland lads, whose father is in the workhouse and whose mother is dead, keep house alone, the elder doing all the housework as well as the average housekeeper can do it. He says that before his mother died she taught him housework, saying that after she was dead she wanted him to take care of his father and little brother.

A Columbus, W. T., man and wife drove several miles to a grist mill, carrying with them several sacks of corn and their child, which had a bad case of whooping cough. While the corn was being ground the child was kept in the hopper until the grain all run out. They had heard that such treatment would cure whooping cough.

A Victoria, B. C., merchant was so pleased with the photograph of a young woman living in Nova Scotia, that he struck up a correspondence with her, and then invited her to join him and be his wife. She made the long journey, but when he saw her, and found that she wasn't nearly as good looking as her portrait, he refused to marry her. She is suing him for \$5,000.

A Boston drummer ordered a plate of his native fodder in Braddon, Vt., the other day, and was charged twenty-five cents. He objected to paying fifteen cents more than the Boston price, but without avail. The next day the bean seller received a telegram, saying, "Don't you think that was too much for those beans?" The restaurant man paid twenty-five cents for the message and swore.

When the recent snow storm in Maine was at its worst, one of the Selectmen of Limington was told that a neighbor needed medical attention at once. He sent a messenger on foot, the roads being impassable for teams, to the nearest doctor, three miles distant, telling him to stop at all the farm houses on the way and ask the inhabitants to turn out and break roads for the doctor. And they did. The messenger started about three o'clock in the morning, and the doctor was able to drive to the patient before noon.

"The poor pitance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb. Sleep you with innocence. Look behind through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in retrospect, through this desert your fathers have journeyed; wearied with tears and sorrows, they sink from the walk of man. You must leave them where

they fall, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest."

A goose farm is one of the curiosities of agriculture on the east shores of Virginia. Within an area of about 3,000 acres live 5,000 geese, of several varieties, attended by herders and regularly fed with corn, &c. The object is the collecting of down for quilts and pillows, and once in about six weeks a plucking takes place. Only the breast and the sides under the wings are plucked, and it requires the yield of nearly 100 geese to weigh a pound. The raw feathers are sent to Philadelphia for cleaning and sorting.

A man six feet high and 40 years old is living in an open field on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad three miles east of Columbia. He refuses shelter, which has been repeatedly offered him, but accepts food. He has long black hair, extending below the shoulders, high cheek bones, and resembles an Indian. He takes to the woods at the approach of strangers. During the recent severe weather he refused to leave his present quarters, and insisted on sleeping on the field. He has been living thus for about two months.

A rhyming signal service officer has formulated the flag code for weather predictions in the following easily memorized lines:

A sun of red is weather warm,
A sun of blue is general storm,
A crescent red is weather cold,
A crescent blue is fair foretold,
A star of red no change implies,
A blue star local stormy skies,
A square of black on flag of white,
A cold wave comes in all its might.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down, the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many bays on the coast of Norway, the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Some times in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet is taken up in the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling hooks and the shot slide off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Electrical Review.*

Clearing-Out Sale!

We will commence a GREAT CLEARING-OUT SALE of Russian Circulars, New Markets and Wraps, on Monday, January 11, '86, and continue during the balance of January or until all are sold. In a few cases we have reduced Coats from \$5.00 to \$3.00. In all we have made a reduction. We have also assorted out a lot of remnants of different kinds of goods and put them at a price that will make them sell.

MORGAN WRIGHT,
Keystone Dry Goods Store,
NORRISTOWN, PA.
Opposite Public Square. Jan. 14-15

DR. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP
Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. For sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cts.
CAUTION!—The genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold only in white wrapper, and bears our registered TRADE MARKS: a Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Cough-Label, and the facsimile signature of John W. Bull and A. C. MEYER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A., Sole Proprietors.
STOP CHWING TOBACCO!
CHW LARGES' PIPES,
THE GREAT TOBACCO ANTIDOTE!
Price 10 Cents. Sold by all Druggists.

—ABOUT—

Ladies Coats and Wraps,
Children's Coats, &c.

If you wish a WELL MADE and PERFECT FITTING

—WINTER WRAP,—

You can be suited now, as our stock is full of desirable garments for this season.

—MADE TO ORDER—

We advise customers that as a general rule it is GOOD POLICY to have

—MADE TO ORDER—

What is needed in this line, and we have

HUNDREDS OF CLOTHS

To select from, ranging in price from \$1.00 To \$7.00 Per Yard.

Also elegant

—MOLE SKIN—

AND

—SEAL SKIN CLOTHS—

At \$2.00 to \$20.00 per yard.

Whether you want a FIVE DOLLAR or a FIFTY DOLLAR COAT, we can suit you, either in ready made or made to order.

We are making a great many very pretty new style

—WRAPS—

Trimmed with fur. They are becoming to almost every lady and we can show you a style in them which will undoubtedly be a prevailing pattern not only for this season, but next winter.

Children's Coats for all ages and all prices.

Howard Leopold,
229 High Street,
POTTSTOWN, PA.

A VERY INTERESTING
ANNOUNCEMENT!

—CONCERNING THE—

TRAPPE

Furniture Warerooms!

AND THOSE WHO MAY DESIRE TO PURCHASE THE BEST FURNITURE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

The proprietor of the Trappe Furniture Warerooms has made extensive preparations to meet the demands of the Spring trade, and he is better prepared than ever to give satisfaction to customers. Handsome and suitable Hair Cloth, Raw Silk, or Terry

PARLOR SUITS!

About twenty different styles of

Ash, Cottage, and

Walnut Suits!

From \$30. up. A Large and varied stock of all kinds of Furniture, at prices that will prove to be an inducement to buyers. Ash and WALNUT SIDEBOARDS, EXTENSION TABLES, of the best manufacture, very low. Brussels Carpet and Royal Plush Lounges, Lounge and sofa combined—in Span Silk & Hair Cloth. Mattresses in variety best makes, carpets, oil cloths, &c. First-class home-made carpet, 50 cents per yard. Rugs taken in exchange, at 50c. per lb. for carpets.

Those who contemplate purchases in the line of Furniture, upholstered goods, or anything kept in a thoroughly stocked Furniture store, will surely not regret a visit to the Trappe Furniture Warerooms.

JOHN S. KEPLER,
PROPRIETOR.

-SKIPPACK-

CARRIAGE WORKS,
ROBERT LOWNES, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES & WAGONS

Of every description built to order. New and Second-hand Carriages and Wagons on hand.

BLACKSMITHING

And Wheelwright work of every description promptly executed in the best manner.

Dec. 31, 3mo.

FOR RENT!

A house, near Trappe, having two large rooms on first floor and three rooms on second floor. For further particulars inquire of Jan. 28, 1886. DAVID TYSON.

DOWN! -- DOWN! --
ROCK BOTTOM PRICES --
MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS, Groceries, Wood ware, Willow ware. Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c.

I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes.

All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my Stock, and oblige,
JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,
PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

COLLEGEVILLE
= DRUG STORE =

Diarrhoea Mixture will cure your Diarrhoea & Dysentary.

Culbert's Ague & Liver Pills. Pure Cream Tartar.

Pure Flavoring Extracts. Pure Baking Powder.

Dalmatian Insect Powder for destruction of Flies, Ants, Roaches &c.

Poultry Powder, sure cure for Cholera in Poultry.

PURE SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.

OH YES. OH YES.

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

THE UNDERIGNED HAVING OPENED THE OLD STAND OF

ECKHART & OZIAS, CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THEIR STOCK OF

-DRY GOODS, & NOTIONS-

» GROCERIES »

HARD, GLASS, QUEENS, & TINWARE!

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,

&c., &c., which they are selling at city prices. Call and examine our stock. No trouble to show goods.

C. J. & J. M. BUCKLEY,

TRAPPE, PA.

—GO TO—

Beaver & Shellenberger,

Trappe, Pa.,

FOR TABLE LINEN, WOOLEN AND CANTON FLANELS.

CHEVIOTS,

DRESS GOODS,

GINGHAMS,

CALICOES, &c.

VELVETEENS, in different colors, for trimming.

Our stock of Ladies' and Gents'

SHOES!

is larger than ever. Rubber Boots and Shoes of all size and prices.

CLOTHS! CASSIMERES!

The largest and best assortment we have ever had. Clothing made to order.

Wall Paper of the Latest Patterns.

PAINTS! OILS!

HARDWARE,

WOOD AND

WILLOWARE.

Dried Fruits of all kinds and of the best; and everything usually kept in a country store, at Rock Bottom Prices at

Beaver & Shellenberger's.

-TO YOUNG-

HOUSEKEEPERS.

We are now ready to show a fine line of Parlor, Kitchen, and Bed-room

FURNITURE!

Also Bed Frames, direct from Detroit, and ready for use. Cork Shavings at low prices.

BRUSSELS, INGRAIN, AND RAG CARPET.

A fine line of window shades, from the lowest in price up. Queensware, Glassware in great variety and at prices to suit the times. In short almost everything needed in a family. Come and see.

Isaac Kulp,

mar. 4-2m. GRATERS FORD, PA.

FENTON'S

Collegeville, Pa.

ALL SIZES OF GLASS ON HAND AND ANY SIZE CUT TO ORDER.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH &c., Fresh Cement and Calcimine Plaster. Full line of hardware, drugs, Oil Cloths, wooden and tinware.

CHOICE GROCERIES!

At Rock Bottom Prices. Extra Fat Fish 15 lbs. in a bucket, only 95 cts.

Highest prices paid for country produce in exchange, at

FENTON'S

Collegeville, Pa.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, March 11, 1836.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers. Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.47 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.07 a. m.
Market.....	12.20 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.34 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail.....	7.17 a. m.
Accommodation.....	9.14 a. m.
Market.....	3.13 p. m.
Accommodation.....	6.46 p. m.
SUNDAYS—SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.56 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.49 p. m.
SUNDAYS—NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	9.38 a. m.
Milk.....	5.41 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

—D. H. Casselberry arrived at his stables, near this place, on Monday, with a lot of Virginia horses. Go and see them.

—“Yes,” remarked the landlady, “it costs money to get knives sharpened every week; but it’s cheaper than buying tender meat,”—when it’s scarce.

—Buckley Bros., Trappe’s new store merchants, have a well stocked store, and are ready to accommodate customers. See adv.

—Cruel gun boots!

—The Roberts Machine Company has received the contract to furnish the boiler, engine, steam shafting, &c., for Mr. Yerkes’ new creamery, at Yerkes Station. And the Roberts Machine Company will do the work well.

—Dr. J. H. Hamer, whose absence the greater part of last week was a necessity, desires us to say that he will be at home, as usual, hereafter, so that those who may desire his services will not be disappointed in the future.

—The Olevian Literary Society, (Female Society), of Ursinus College, will hold an open meeting in the College Chapel, on Friday evening, March 12, at half after seven o’clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

—Mr. VanHaagen’s machinery, for the manufacture of twist drills, is being placed in position at the works of the Roberts Machine Company, this place. We trust Mr. VanHaagen will be successful in his new enterprise.

—Dr. Culbert, our town druggist, will plant a new advertisement next week. Look out for it. Doc is booming the drug business.

—Professor E. B. Diener, the well known stock dealer, handled the ribbons at Anderson’s horse sale, Collegeville, Montgomery county, Monday afternoon, so successfully, that it has been suggested that Ursinus College confer upon him the honorary degree of P. H. D.—Perfect Horse Driver.—*Phoenixville Messenger*. There, Diener, that’s a deserved notice. Now buy yourself a high hat, and put on a little style.

—Messrs. Newhoff and Williamson continue to give instructions in dancing every Wednesday evening in Gross’ hall, this place. Fair progress is being made.

—Allebach will sell a lot of fine fresh cows and a number of shoats, at Perkiomen Bridge, next Monday afternoon.

—Mr. Abraham Hilborn and Miss Emma E. Mowery, daughter of Mr. Leonard M. Mowery, both of Limerick township, were married on Thursday evening at 6 o’clock, at the residence of the bride’s parents, by Rev. J. E. Neff.

—W. H. Rogers will sell another lot of apples, at Schleicher’s Limerick Centre Hotel, next Monday afternoon, just previous to A. Kulp’s sale of Virginia horses of superior stock. For apples and fine horses go to Limerick Centre next Monday afternoon.

—Messrs. Newton and Abram Hunsicker, sons of A. Hunsicker, Sr., have leased Prospect Terrace of Dr. Jonas Bowman. They will conduct the same as a summer boarding establishment.

A petition for a new depot at Collegeville is being circulated and signed by our citizens. The same will be presented to the managers of the Perkiomen railroad in a short time. May the prayer of that petition be granted right speedily!

—The Roberts Machine Company will place in position this week, a new engine, thirty-five horse power, of improved manufacture, the old engine not having sufficient capacity to furnish the increased amount of power needed to successfully drive the additional machinery now in operation.

—“He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day.”

Quarterly Meeting.

The quarterly meeting of the Perkiomen and Reading Turnpike Company was held at Gross’ Hotel, Collegeville, on Friday, the 5th inst. A semi-annual dividend of two per cent. was declared, making five per cent. for the year. Abram H. Tyson of Collegeville was appointed superintendent of the eastern division of the road, extending from Perkiomen Bridge to Pottsdam, a position made vacant by the resignation of James C. Ward, who intends to remove to his old home at Jenkintown. Mr. Ward retires with the regrets and esteem of the board and general public.

Correspondence.

An Apology Demanded.

On Sunday evening last, while the services were being conducted in the Methodist church, Evansburg, some known persons disturbed the congregation by improper conduct. One of the worthy members—who claims to be a detective—conspicuously pointed out a young man whom he said had violated the divine law of respect for the tabernacle, and proceeded to expose him by name to other members of the church. Now it can be proven by satisfactory testimony that this acute detective accused the wrong person, and unless he makes a public apology he will be prosecuted for wilful libel.

THE FAMILY.

Death of Dr. Gregg.

Dr. John Gregg died at the residence of his son, Pemberton, N. J., last week, aged 87 years. On Monday the remains were interred, with appropriate ceremonies, in the Baptist cemetery, Lower Providence. The deceased was for many years a resident of Evansburg, Lower Providence, and for a long time he enjoyed the distinction of being an excellent physician. He held the position as physician to the almshouse for a number of years, while that institution was under Democratic rule. In 1850 Dr. Gregg was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress, the district then consisting of Montgomery and Chester counties, but was defeated by Hon. John McNamee on the twenty-fifth ballot. In 1856 he was again an aspirant, but was again defeated by Hon. Owen Jones, the district at that time comprising a portion of Philadelphia and the county of Montgomery. In October, 1863, he was elected Prothonotary, defeating his opponent, H. H. Fetterolf, by 1,372 votes, and served for one term. At the expiration of his term he ceased to actively participate in political affairs, but devoted himself to his profession. Later he removed from Evansburg to Trappe; also resided for a time in Limerick township, and a year or two ago took up his residence with his son, Dr. John Gregg, at Pemberton.

The Mob’s Reign.

The other day the young bloods, some of them sons of prominent progenitors, made a raid upon a country village store, and a temporary reign of “Texas cow-boy” disorder followed. Lemons and oranges flew hither and thither. One of the flying lemons struck the junior store clerk below the belt, and another knocked the patent clock from its base—and still the riot continued, while wild gee-haws and giggle gibberish made the dry goods counter tremble with fear, and the senior clerk wonder what it all meant—anyhow. If an instantaneous process of photography could have been utilized while the bloods were reveling in their carnival, a picture suitable for the “galleries” might have been obtained, with the proprietor’s smiling physiognomy left out. Just what the cascade against dried corn, apples, beans and tropical fruits meant is past finding out. We really wonder what the young men of influence and wit—more or less, meant to accomplish by their hilarious conduct.

The annual meeting of the Freeland Sunday School was held last Monday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. D. Fetterolf, Esq.; Vice President, Dr. Jas. H. Hamer; Secretary, A. H. Hendricks; Treasurer, Frank M. Hobson; Superintendent, F. G. Hobson, Esq.; Assistant Superintendent, Prof. A. Lincoln Landis; Female Superintendent, Miss Alice Hunsicker; Librarian, Ernest Longstreth.

Limerick Square Notes.

The Farmer’s Creamery is idle for repairs at present; the boiler having sprung a leak on Sunday last.

Haltman & Co’s sale of apples on Saturday last, was fairly attended. Twenty-one barrels were sold at an average of \$2.00 per barrel.

Daniel Stearly died at the residence of Peter Saylor, on Thursday last, of paralysis. Funeral on Sunday, at the Evangelical Church. Age about 88 years.

“Prof.” David Hamel, will give one of his celebrated exhibitions in Brendlinger’s Hall, on Saturday evening. Come to see the “broadfessor.”

We noticed the pleasant face of Mr. Philip Ward of Philadelphia, in our village on Sunday.

A certain young man of this place, traveled ten miles one night last week with the intention of spending an evening in company with a recently made “mash.” He returned, however, very early in the evening, looking very blue and crestfallen. What was the cause of it?

Nothing but superlative merit can account for the phenomenal reputation achieved by Salvation Oil. It kills pain. Price 25 cents.

The Darwinian theory perplexes the multitude. They object to descendants from monkeys. But not even a baby objects to Dr. Bull’s cough Syrup.

Original.

A Bachelor’s Lament.

I’ve dragged me thro’ a weary life,
(The plying say ‘tis that I have no wife.)
I’m old and cross, and full of sighs;
(Still others cry “no wife to sympathize.”)

Oh! who would be a bachelor bold?
(No wife to vex you—none to scold.)
Oh! who would slight the married joys!
(Whispering girls and headstrong boys.)

Who would such earthly bliss refuse?
(Provided it were his to choose.)
And all the dignities of fatherhood lose?
(Nor walk all night a windy infant to amuse!)

Ah! foolish man what have I lost?
(The doctor’s bills—no end of cost!)
What comforts have I driven from my door?
(The milliner, the jeweler,—bills by the score!)

I sigh to think what might have been,
(But ah! to murmur is a sin.)
So mockly I accept my joyless lot
And say “Be all those slighted joys forgot!”

George W. Buckwalter, aged 83 years, died last Friday afternoon, at the residence of his son-in-law, Prof. J. W. Custer, Pottsdam. Deceased was from near Trappe, was a brother of the late Joseph Buckwalter, who died at the age of 96, and was well known in this section of the county. Only a few weeks before he died, knowing the end was near at hand, he made all his funeral arrangements himself, selecting the marble work and engaging a lady to make his shroud. The funeral was held yesterday. Interment in the Reformed Church cemetery, Trappe.

Leah Hector, formerly of Bridgeport, died Thursday at the Montgomery county almshouse. For many years she was one of the best known residents of the borough across the river, and was reputed to be over one hundred years old. It was said that she had been a servant at the Washington headquarters at Valley Forge when the American army camped there in the winter of 1777, and that she had been a servant in the family of Jerome Bonaparte at Bordentown. These stories were pure fictions. In point of fact her age at the time of her death was between ninety and one hundred years. She was born in Virginia and was of mixed negro and Indian blood.

From Our Trappe Correspondent.

O. P. Shellenberger, of the firm of Beaver & Shellenberger, who had been spending several weeks in the sunny land of the south, traveling in Florida the greater part of the time, returned home last week, well pleased with the trip. Mr. S. visited St. Augustine, the oldest town in the Union. He brought home a live alligator, which is on exhibition at the store.

There having been quite a number of weddings in this vicinity during the past winter, our enterprising dealer in furniture is having a brisk sale for the furniture exhibited at his warerooms, which is of the finest style and finish, and at prices to suit the times. Home-keepers will do well to call on Mr. Kepler.

Isaac Harley held a public sale of his personal property on Thursday last. He intends removing with his family to Virginia in a short time.

Christian Wismer, of near this place is at present in the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, undergoing a surgical operation.

Abram Conner, who removed with his family to Virginia last spring, was in this vicinity a few days last week.

At the recent Conference of the Evangelical church, held at Reading, Rev. W. H. Stauffer was appointed to the Trappe circuit. Mr. Stauffer is a graduate of Ursinus College, having completed his course in 1879. He expects to move with his family to this place in a few days.

Jacob S. Johnson, who opened a grocery store in this place a short time ago, sold his entire stock to Buckley Bros., who have opened a general merchandise store at the same stand.

Joseph Hunsicker of Ironbridge, while passing through this place with a load of coal, on Friday last, met with an accident. The wagon being heavily loaded one of the spindles broke, letting the load somewhat lower than what he just then desired it. After securing Jacob Frederick’s large wagon and reloading his coal, Mr. Hunsicker went on his way rejoicing.

The Wilson Murder Trial.

NORRISTOWN, Mar. 9.—The second day of the Wilson murder trial again brought a large crowd. It promises to be as interesting as the celebrated Elm Station murder trial in 1876. The Commonwealth are bringing out strong testimony against the accused. But before they can give in evidence Wilson’s confession they must prove the commission of the crime, and that involves the identification of the body found in the Wissahickon creek and then identified as that of the missing butcher, Stahl. The Commonwealth to-day proved by a score of Daley’s neighbors, his family physician and others that he was missing since the latter part of January, 1884; that he had red, curly hair, was slightly bald, had a red moustache, crooked arms, was stoop-shouldered and that other marked physical peculiarities existed, which correspond with those noticed on the remains found in the Wissahickon creek. Three witnesses swore that Daley on the 26th of January ate cranberries and corned beef for supper at the funeral of Mrs. Sarah Earnest, a neighbor, and that the last seen of him in the neighborhood was on that night. It was also shown that Daley’s house was burned down on the night of January 30th. This the Commonwealth alleges was done by Wilson to cover the traces of the murder. Miss Kate Griffin, of Germantown, sister-in-law of Daley, while testifying to Anthony’s personal appearance held on

her lip the pretty three-year-old daughter of her mysteriously missing brother-in-law. The finding of a trunk, the Wissahickon creek, near Hanwell’s paper mill dam in the spring of 1884, by David Robertson, Samuel P. Nace, Herman Roscher, and officers of the Fourteenth Philadelphia police district and their deliverance into the custody of the Philadelphia Coroner were minutely described by the witnesses, and to-morrow Coroner Thos. J. Powers and his physician will give their testimony. Those remains, it will be remembered, were subsequently identified as those of the missing butcher, Stahl. Thirty-three witnesses were examined to-day, about half the number subpoenaed by the Commonwealth.

Boots Under the Bed.

Two of Eve’s fair and accomplished daughters, residing in this vicinity, are in the habit of gazing into the vacancy under their bed before lying down to pleasant dreams and slumbers light. The other evening a young Lothario, who will be able to rear a blonde and graceful mustache by and by, proceeded to play a joke on the ladies. He deviated from his usual route in going to his room and placed a pair of No. 10 rubber boots, belonging to one of our most astute local politicians, under the bed in the ladies’ apartment. Soon after his feminine friends sought their room, and soon a startling discovery was made. One of the ladies, in looking under the bed spied the boots—those awful boots, and without waiting to ascertain whether the boots were filled with masculine legs, ran down stairs in a terrible fright, followed, we suppose, by lady No. 2. The consternation that filled the usually pretty quiet domicile for a period surpasses the descriptive power of the young man who caused the furor. The dogs of the neighborhood caught on to the wild refrain as it passed out of doors, and from one to the other the disturbing influence flew until the chorus of the canines extended far up the Perkiomen Valley. After the proprietor of the house, who was rudely interrupted in his cogitations, had ascertained the cause of the fright, removed the boots, and vowed a vow to teach that boy of his a stack of sense, the young ladies retired for the night to dream of dreadful horrors, gum boots, &c. Even a piece of wedding cake under their pillow would have possessed no charms that night. None at all.

New Almshouse Rules.

The Directors of the Poor, of Montgomery county have just adopted several new rules. They provide that bills for medicines and out-door medical relief shall be allowed only where the same shall have been ordered by one or more of the directors, or in case of sudden sickness or accident, where no time can be spared to get such an order. In such cases the compensation is fixed at fifty cents a visit, including medicines, but not more than one visit a day shall be paid for. For setting broken limbs and all cases of confinement three dollars are allowed. All physicians’ bills must be accompanied by an affidavit stating that the persons attended are too poor to pay the same. No bill for burying the dead shall be paid without the filing of an affidavit that the persons liable to pay the same are too poor to do so. Ten dollars is allowed for burying an adult, and five for a child. All fees for removing persons to the almshouse are abolished, and mileage at the usual rate is substituted. The new rules will be presented to the Court for approval.

For all bilious disorders use Dr. Bull’s Baltimore Pills, they are the best. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Bull’s Baby Syrup contains nothing injurious and may be given to the most delicate baby. It relieves colic, and other bow disorders.

If your horse has jaundice or yellow water give him Day’s Horse Powder. It will cure him.

NOTICE!

I take this method to inform my patrons, and the public in general, that on and after April 1st, 1886, all business transacted at the Ironbridge Mills will be done strictly on a cash basis. Frequent losses have forced me to take this new departure, and I have every reason to believe that I can best serve my customers and myself by adhering to the proposed plan.

N. P. SYDER.

D. M. HUNSICKER.

FOR SALE!

A LOT OF STRAW. Apply to WARREN H. GRATER, Collegeville, Pa.

FOR RENT!

A farm of sixteen acres in Lower Providence township, between Arcola station and the Level School. For further particulars apply to JEREMIAH MULVHILL.

FOR RENT!

Part of house—4 rooms and kitchen. Possession given first of April. Apply to JACOB WEIKEL, near Trappe.

PUBLIC SALE OF

CARRIAGES.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on SATURDAY, APRIL 3, '86, at my Factory at Centre Point, Pa., 25 CARRIAGES, consisting of Dextre, Maud S., two and three spring, one-seated Phaetons, eight side-bar falling top Carriages, &c., &c. Here is a chance for bargains. Sale at 1 o’clock. Conditions by D. B. KEYSER.

PUBLIC SALE OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY!

Will be sold at Public Sale, on THURSDAY, MARCH 18, '86, at the residence of the undersigned, in Norristown township, near Jeffersonville, his Live Stock, Farming Utensils, and Farm Machinery, comprising, in part, as follows: FOUR First-class HORSES; 15 COWS; 2000 First-class FARMING UTENSILS; a wagon (Jarrettown make); Cart nearly as good as new. Thresher and Cleaner; Telegraph Fodder Cutter, plows, harrows, &c. Harness in variety. The farm implements are all in good order, as they have not been in use long. Sale at 10 o’clock, noon. Conditions: 4 months on credit, and \$20. SAUEL F. JARRETT, S. R. Shupe, auct.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, MARCH 15, '86, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, 25 Head of Fresh Cows with calves, direct from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Also about 20 fine Shoats. Sale to commence at 2 o’clock, sharp. Conditions by J. H. ALLEBACH, I. H. Johnson, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at Public Sale on FRIDAY, MARCH 19, '86, at Smoyer’s Hotel, Trappe, 20 Head of Fresh Cows. From Lancaster County. They are a very fine lot of cows to select from and farmers and dairymen are respectfully invited to attend this sale, as I have the stock to give satisfaction and will sell them without reserve. Sale at 1 o’clock. Conditions by NELSON O. NAILLE, J. Casselberry, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale on SATURDAY, MARCH 13, '86, at Dorworth’s Hotel, Trappe, 20 Head of Fresh Cows, Direct from Franklin County, where the undersigned carefully selected a lot of first rate cows. Also about 20 fine Shoats. Sale at 2 o’clock. Conditions by AARON H. RIEGNER.

PUBLIC SALE OF

VIRGINIA HORSES.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, MARCH 15, '86, at H. Schleicher’s Limerick Centre Hotel, 20 Head of VIRGINIA HORSES. Selected by me in the State of Virginia. Among the lot are single line leaders, a few extra driving horses, and the balance general purpose horses, being all young, sound, good boned and good colored,—just the kind for this market. The horses will be at the above named hotel three days previous to the day of sale where they can be inspected. Sale to commence at 1 o’clock, noon. Conditions by AARON K. KULP.

PUBLIC SALE OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY!

Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1886, at the residence of the undersigned, in Upper Providence township, 1 mile from Yerkes station, on a public road leading from Collegeville to Phoenixville, 3 miles from the former place and 2 from the latter, the following described Personal Property: Three good farm HORSES; No. 1, a black mare, good worker and driver. No. 2, a sorrel horse, good on tread power, works well. No. 3, a bay mare, blind; a good worker, works on tread power. 18 COWS; some with calves by day of sale, some springers, and some fat; 6 Heifers; 1 Stock Bull; 15 fine Shoats. 2 Farm wagons, good as new; one narrow wheel and one broad wheel, 3 inch tread; broad wheel cart, 4 inch tread; buggy, 4 wheel, 2 door, 2 seats; 2 double line cultivators, one new; 2 mowing machines, one a Howe, the other a Eureka; single reaper (Champion); good roller, set hay; 16 foot long, 2 spike harrow, one new; hoe harrow, Buckeye’s cultivator, good set new; 2 Derr plows, light plow, single and double trees; 1 and 2 horse spreaders; cart spreader, good new; 2 yokes, bolsters, will carry from 5 to 10 tons; lot of forks, 2 barn shovels, grubbing hoe, corn cutters, stubbing hoe, working harness of different kinds, collars and head halts, and hand harnes, 2 sets double line driving harness, one set nickel plated never been used much; 2 sets heavy fly straps, light set, pair double lines, 2 pair plow lines, full set cart harness, traces and cow chains, lot of grain bags, half bushel measure, 2 hay hooks one a double spear, ropes and pulleys, trundle bed with rollers, lemon tree in prime of bearing, all the iron jennies. Dairy fixtures: 2 butter churns, butter worker, 2 butter coolers, 1 dozen milk pans, 2 dozen milk pans, good as new; tin buckets and other articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 1 o’clock. Conditions: All sums under \$20 cash; on all sums exceeding that amt. 90 days credit will be given by giving a note with approved endorsement, payable at bank. W. G. FETTEROLF, auct. JACOB WILLIAMS.

PUBLIC SALE OF

HARNESS & C.

Will be sold at Public Sale on SATURDAY, MARCH 13, '86, at the store of the undersigned at Grater’s Ford, Pa., the following described property: 4 sets of lead harness, 2 sets of stage harness, 2 sets light single nickel plated harness, 2 sets rubber mounted harness, 1 express harness, 1 set of C. M. mounted harness, a lot of second hand harness, light and heavy blindharnes, single and double lines, harness, quill and halter straps, choke straps, rope and leather head halters, light and heavy fly nets, all kinds of sleigh bells, whistles and buffalo robes, horse and lap blankets, summer dusters, curry combs and brushes, whips, and many other articles in the saddle line not mentioned. The above goods are all hand-made and are first-class in all respects. Personal Property: By MARE, coming 5 years old, works single and double and is a good driver; skeleton wagon, as good as new, falling top carriage, as good as new. Household Goods: 2 beds and bedsteads, bureau, sideboard, and a great many articles not mentioned. The foregoing articles will be sold as the undersigned will relinquish the business to go west. Sale at 12 o’clock, noon, sharp; conditions will be made known by N. P. SYDER.

D. M. HUNSICKER.

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PUBLIC SALE OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY!

The undersigned will sell at public sale, on the premises near Arcola Station, on FRIDAY, MARCH 12, '86, the following Personal Property: ONE COW; lot of poultry, express wagon, lot of harness, cow chains, sledges, cross-cut saw, clover hay, grain bags, iron kettles, meat tubs, buckets, good corn planter, forks, shovels, Level Tread Horse Power in good order; new roller frame, boring machine, tools of various kinds; lot of wire, new and old; yoke and straps, grain riddles, benches and tables, lard press, sausage grinder and stuffer. Stoves for wood and coal, large cook stove, cheese cage, vinegar barrels; potatoes, different sizes, by the bushel; ½ bushel measure, lot of tinware; milk churn and pans, small butter churn, sieve, ropes for binding fodder, bedsteads and cupboards, and many articles not mentioned. Sale at 1 o’clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. C. B. HEBBERN.

PUBLIC SALE OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY!

Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY, MARCH 12, '86, at the residence of the undersigned, in Lower Providence, about one mile south of Collegeville, the following Personal Property: TWO HORSES—one 5 years old, a yearling and driver; the other 7 years old, can trot in 2:45. One COW, fat; 20 pairs of chickens, lot wagon, trotting buggy, carriage, plow, harrow, hoe harrow, windmill, meat tub by the hundred, &c. Household Goods: Governor Penn Cooking Stove, No. 7; writing desk, bedsteads, chairs, settees, carpets, tin and crockeryware, and many articles not mentioned. Sale at 1 o’clock. Conditions by ELIZABETH ROBISON, L. H. Ingram auct. H. Robison, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY!

Will be sold at Public Sale on FRIDAY, MARCH 12, '86, at the residence of the undersigned, near Black Rock, Upper Providence township, the following Personal Property: Four Bedsteads and bedding; 2 cradles, 2 feather beds, bolsters, pillow cases, about 100 yards of Rag Carpet, some nearly new, milk cupboard, churn, butter tub, meat barrel, lot of empty barrels, crout tub, sausage cutter and stuffers, land press, 2 tables, 2 stands, dough tray, lot of Rye Straw, about 120 bundles of corn fodder, about ¾ of an acre of Rye in the ground. Numerous additional articles here mentioned. Sale at 1 o’clock. Conditions by J. G. FETTEROLF, auct. ISRAEL PLACE.

PUBLIC SALE OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Will be sold at Public Sale on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1886, at the residence of the undersigned, near Black Rock, Upper Providence township, the following Personal Property: Four Bedsteads and bedding; 2 cradles, 2 feather beds, bolsters, pillow cases, about 100 yards of Rag Carpet, some nearly new, milk cupboard, churn, butter tub, meat barrel, lot of empty barrels, crout tub, sausage cutter and stuffers, land press, 2 tables, 2 stands, dough tray, lot of Rye Straw, about 120 bundles of corn fodder, about ¾ of an acre of Rye in the ground. Numerous additional articles here mentioned. Sale at 1 o’clock. Conditions by J. G. FETTEROLF, auct. ISRAEL PLACE.

PROPOSALS FOR APRIL.

The Directors of the Poor and House of Employment of Montgomery County invite sealed proposals to be for the following articles at the above named almshouse.

ON MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1886.
8 pieces Scotch diagonal.
14 “ Appleton A muslin, 1 yd. wide.
1 “ fine Muslin.
6 “ Calico.
6 “ Grass.<

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
Office Hours:—8 to 10, a. m. 2 to 4, p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Office Hours: { Till 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m.
After 6 p. m.
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

D. R. F. PLACE,
DENTIST!
36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House)
NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Prices greatly reduced. Full sets from \$5 to \$10.

F. G. HOBSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa.
Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland.

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Jun. 25-1yr.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 727 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
Second Floor, Room 15.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
CONVEYANCER and General Business agent.
Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,
(1/2 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Nov. 8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,
Practical Slater!
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ,
Carpenter and Builder.
RAHN STATION, PA.
Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

J. G. T. MILLER,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
TRAPPE PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, '85, ff.

J. W. GOTWALS,
PAINTER.
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.,
Estimates furnished and Contracts taken. Apr. 16-ff

JOSEPH STONE,
CARPET WEAVER
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Beard House.)
Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

I. P. RHOADES,
TRAPPE, PA. DEALER IN
BEEF, MUTTON and VEAL,
Vegetables and Fruit in season.
aug. 20. Orders thankfully received.

THE POPULAR
DINING ROOMS,
Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown.
HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor.
Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, daily. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

CAMERON, CORSON & Co.,
Buy and Sell REAL ESTATE
In all parts of the county.
519 Swede Street, NORRISTOWN, PA.
aug. 20-6 mo.

ELMER E. CONWAY.
BOOT and SHOEMAKER!
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitches work a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly. may 7-1yr.

SUNDAY PAPERS.
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.
HENRY YOST,
News Agent,
Collegeville.

FULL STOCK OF
READY MADE
HARNESS!
Of the best material and manufacture, at
Detwiler's, Upper Providence Square.

All kinds of Horse Goods selling at very low prices.
WHIPS,
TOP-COVERS,
IMPORTED COLLARS.
Call and examine our stock and ascertain prices before going out of your latitude to make your purchases. Repairing attended to promptly.
Also a full stock of lubricating and Machine Oils, Coal and Headlight Oil; cigars and tobacco.

John G. Detwiler.
Wm. J. THOMPSON,
—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—

BEEF, —
VEAL, —
—MUTTON, —
Visits Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.

WM. J. THOMPSON,
LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

-ROLLER-
WHEAT FLOUR!!!
Of superior quality, manufactured from the best wheat by improved facilities, at the
Yerkes Station Mills.

Quality Guaranteed. Lowest Market Prices.
Always on hand a full Stock of
CORN,
OATS,
BRAN,
MIDDLINGS,
RYE BRAN,
&c., &c., &c.
—LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Good, clear Wheat received at all times.

J. H. LANDES.
PRIVATE SALE OF
Seventeen Acres
of improved land near Collegeville, Pa. Buildings in good repair. Will make a desirable home; convenient to schools, R. R. station &c. For further particulars inquire of
A. D. FETTEROLF,
Real Estate Agent and Conveyancer,
Collegeville, Pa.

SAMUEL CASSEL,
(Successor to Fuss & Cassel.)

GRATER'S FORD, Pa.
DEALER IN

GRAIN,
FLOUR,
FEED,
COAL,
SEEDS, LIME, FERTILIZERS, PLASTER,
Cement, Pewter Sand, Terra Cotta Pipes, Chimney Tops, &c. Also Chestnut Rails for fencing. All orders promptly filled. By strict attention to business I hope to merit and receive a fair share of the patronage of the public.
may 21-3m.

COLLEGEVILLE
BAKERY!
J. H. RICHARD, Prop'r.
Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,
EVERY MORNING.

ICE CREAM!
Different flavors, during the Season now opened. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

Agriculture and Science.
APPLES FOR FAMILY USE AND FOR MARKET.

In planting out a farm orchard we should be guided by very different considerations in selecting varieties for family use and for market. For the latter purpose, the main consideration would be profit. To insure that we should require productiveness and salableness. However good an apple may be, if it is a shy bearer there would be no inducement to grow it for market. If a good bearer and for any cause unsalable, from diminutive size, unattractive color, fungus on the skin, or any other cause, it would not be advisable to grow it. But, in planting an orchard for family use, we should want to grow those varieties, ripening in different seasons, that would best please the family. The farmer should afford every encouragement to his family to consume fruit; not that fruit is specially nutritious, of itself, but it neutralizes, to a certain extent, the superfluous carbon in other foods, and aids the stomach and assimilating glands in digesting and absorbing the nutriment contained in flesh, grains and vegetables.

Beginning with the earliest, we would plant for the family several varieties of summer apples. There is no finer tart flavor to be found in any fruit than in the old Yellow Harvest apple. We relished it nearly sixty years ago, and it is one of those edibles that has the same relish now that it had in our boyhood. Side by side with the Yellow Harvest we would still plant the Sweet Bough, which has also lived in our taste's memory as long as any apple. There is no more exquisite apple sweet than that of the Sweet Bough, when in its prime. Kept too long it becomes mealy and insipid. To afford a variety of summer apples adapted to a variety of tastes, there are the Early Strawberry, the Primrose, the Early Joe, the Red Astrachan and Yellow Transparent.

Autumn affords us a greater variety both for cooking and eating off hand. The Chenango Strawberry is commendable for its beauty more than its superior flavor, although it is quite a pleasant apple. In its season, the fruit dish on the table should be kept filled with it, that it may give added zest to the entire meal. The Duchess of Oldenburgh is excellent for cooking and the best market apple for early autumn. Fameuse is one of the best of autumn apples for the family, but its liability to attacks of the black fungus has discouraged growing it for market, of late years. Gravenstein is a good, large, handsome apple, but not very productive in all localities; one tree is indispensable in a family orchard. Twenty Ounce can not be dispensed with in a family orchard, so good is it for cooking and, although pretty coarse grained, it is quite passable as an eating apple, when fully ripe. Maiden's Blush is so beautiful it can not be discarded, although not of the highest flavor. Fall Pippin no longer grows fair enough for a market apple, but for eating off hand it has no superior in flavor, when at its best. Porter is a good apple, when at its best, but has rather dropped out of the list in Western New York. It was remarkably fine as we saw it last autumn, in the markets of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

In autumn sweet apples, Jersey Sweet leads all others for the table in excellence of flavor, although Bailey Sweet grows larger and fairer. For baking, Lyman's Pumpkin Sweet and Munson Sweet are good. And here let us say, that the farmer who has a plenty of sweet apples in his orchard, a good cow and a plenty of good bread, has at his command a dish that cannot well be excelled for deliciousness and wholesomeness. Bread and milk and baked sweet apples form a dish worthy to be set before earth's greatest and best.

The list of good family winter apples is quite long and will be, with few exceptions, but briefly mentioned. Hubbardston's Nonsuch, Jonathan, Tompkins County King, Northern Spy, Red Canada, Esopus Spitzenburg, Wagener, Westfield Seek-no-further, Peck's Pleasant, Pomme Grise, Rhode Island Greening, Swaar, Yellow Bellflower, and, for Spring, Baldwin and Roxbury Russet.

Were we planting an orchard for market we should entirely omit summer varieties. They once paid very well here in Rochester, but since the South supplies the great eastern cities with early fruit, the demand for ours has ceased.

The Duchess of Oldenburgh is quite a profitable fall apple for market, and Twenty Ounce sells well. The tree of the latter is a little tender with us, otherwise, it would rank in profit next to Baldwin. We would confine our autumn varieties to these two, we think, and would not plant very extensively of them.

our soil, of large fair fruit, we would give a large space to that variety. The King sells very readily, but it is generally a shy bearer and very much inclined to drop before maturity.

UNSALTED BUTTER.
It is a sound rule, that everything should go to market as soon as it is ready to ship. This rule applies with particular force to such a perishable article as butter. It can be kept, but it requires some latitude of language to even call such butter sweet. To make it keep longer than thirty days, it must have a liberal allowance of salt to neutralize the effects of the buttermilk that cannot always be gotten out. The French and English markets for the highest grades of butter, require that no salt whatever be put in it. The best markets of this country are tending in the same direction. The higher the price paid for the butter, the less salt will be tolerated in it. Such butter is very hard to make, and must be marketed and should be eaten within four or five days from the churn. The compensation for this haste and extra labor is that more of it is consumed, and the price is generally much above that of the highest market quotations. We have heretofore described the process of making "granular butter." This is simply butter which is chilled in the churn when it is in the mustard-seed or wheat grain condition, before it has gathered into larger masses. The buttermilk is drawn off and cold water, or even ice water added. Then it is washed with cold water, removed from the churn to a barrel or stone jar without mashing the grains, and the vessel is then filled up with strong brine. Before shipping, the first brine should be changed, as it will dissolve considerable casine and look turbid, and a second brine probably remain clear. While in the brine the butter must be covered by a circular piece of wood, nearly fitting the barrel, or by a plate if in a stone jar, and weighted so that it will be kept submerged. Such butter will keep for weeks, and when removed from the brine and rinsed well with water, becomes virtually "sweet butter," and is easily worked into rolls or prints to suit the market. If worked without washing out the brine, the very slight flavor of salt is to our taste an improvement.—*Agriculturist for March.*

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WHEAT!

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